STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES

No. 240

30p

SLAYER IN THE MIST

We at "Starblazer" want to bring you the very best in Fantasy Fiction. To do that we need *your* help.

So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

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The senders of the ten letters which we judge to be the most informative will each receive one of the prints. We want to hear from you NOW!

Name ..... **Age** .....

Address .....

What kind of science fiction do you most enjoy? Please tick appropriate boxes. If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.

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Which is your favourite character? _____

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_____

SLAYER IN THE MIST

THE EARLY MORNING COACH APPROACHED . . .
SURRENDER YOUR VALUABLES OR FEEL THE STING OF MY BOLTS!
BLACK KANE! YOU DEGENERATE . . .

THE COACH DIDN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN.
TASTE YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

YEAARGHHH!

WITH HIS BODY AND HIS PRIDE EQUALLY DENTED, BLACK KANE PICKED HIMSELF UP.

EVENTUALLY, HE REACHED THE LOCAL SHRINE TO THE GODDESS ORIDA, THE PROTECTOR OF THE DOWN-TRODDEN.
THERE AT LEAST IS SOME REST AND COMFORT.

BUT KANE COLLAPSED, AND WHEN HE CAME ROUND SOME HOURS LATER —
I AM TAUGAM, A CLERIC AND PHYSICIAN . . .
WUH?

AS SOON AS TAUGAM APPLIED A POULTICE OF STRANGE AND PUNGENT HERBS, THE HIGHWAYMAN BEGAN TO RECOVER.
ORIDA BE PRAISED! I FEEL BETTER!
YOU'LL STILL NEED MUCH REST, MY FRIEND. COME WITH ME TO MY DWELLING PLACE.

IN THE CLERIC'S COTTAGE.
TAUGAM, I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE! I CAN'T LIE TO A HOLY MAN WHO'S SHOWN ME SO MUCH KINDNESS. I AM A SINNER, A THIEF. I AM BLACK KANE, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

OR RATHER, I WAS! NOW I'VE SEEN THE ERROR OF MY WAYS AND DECIDED TO TRY MY HAND AT SOMETHING HONEST. BESIDES, HIGHWAY ROBBERY ISN'T JUST WRONG IT'S DANGEROUS.
GOOD LAD — NOW YOU MUST REPAY MY GOOD DEED. TOMORROW NIGHT, YOU WILL TAKE THESE MAGICAL EYES TO BRENCOMBWICK TOWN AND SECRETE THEM IN THE TOWER OF THE SORCERESS, KLYVISKA. SHE IS A TRULY EVIL WOMAN AND THEY WILL ALLOW ME TO KEEP WATCH OVER HER.
IT'LL MAKE A CHANGE FOR ME TO BE ON THE SIDE OF RIGHT!

THE NEXT NIGHT, KANE PREPARED TO PAY HIS DEBT —

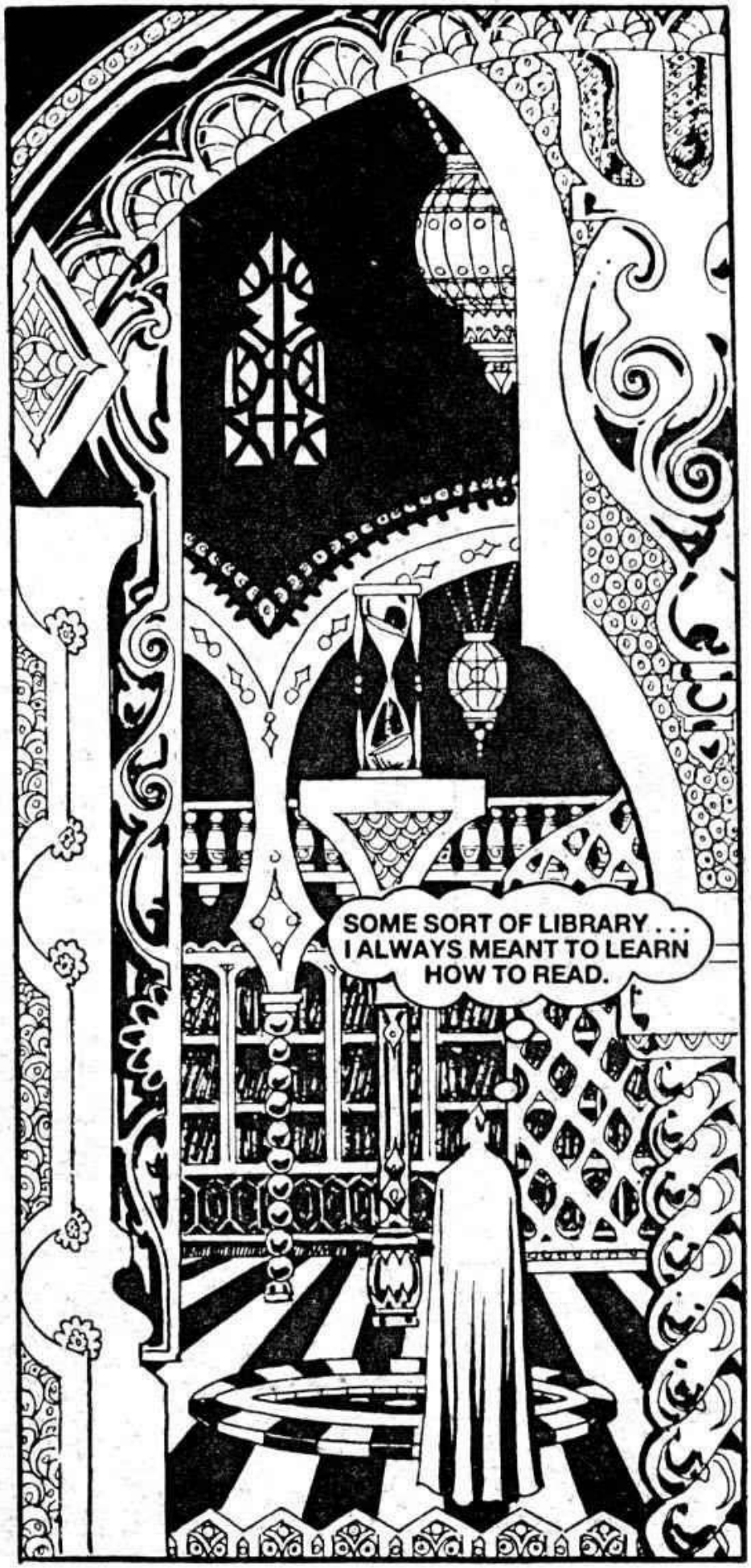
THE ENCHANTED CLOAK TOOK BLACK KANE PAST THE TOWN-GATE UNNOTICED, EVEN THOUGH THE STREETS WERE CRAWLING WITH MILITIA-MEN.
EASIER THAN I THOUGHT . . . SO FAR.

'TIS EASY ENOUGH.
A TRIP WIRE!
KANE USED A TWIG TO TRIGGER THE TRIP WIRE.

A SCYTHE TRAP! THIS KLYVISKA LIKES UNWANTED VISITORS TO LEAVE WITH A NASTY LIMP.
I'D HOPED SHE MIGHT BE ASLEEP, BUT HER LIGHTED WINDOW SAYS FORTUNE'S AGAINST ME.

IN HIS HASTE, KANE STUBBED HIS FOOT ON THE STEP.
AAAAAHHHHH!
WHO'S THERE? COME OUT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU.
KLYVISKA EVENTUALLY STOPPED LOOKING.
MY NERVES ARE ON EDGE . . . I MUST BE HEARING THINGS!

NO SENSE IN DISTURBING HER MEDITATIONS BY CLATTERING ABOUT WITH MY GRAPNEL WHEN SHE HAS SUCH ROBUST CREEPERS.


SOME SORT OF LIBRARY . . . I ALWAYS MEANT TO LEARN HOW TO READ.

I'D BET GOLD AGAINST COPPER THAT THIS IS WHERE KLYVISKA PLANS ALL HER EVIL DEEDS.
THE ADJOINING CHAMBER WAS ILLUMINATED BY THE GLOW OF MANY CANDLES AND HEAVY WITH THE SMELL OF INCENSE —
THE AIR IN HERE IS FOUL WITH THE OILY PERFUME THESE THINGS GIVE OFF.
COUGH . . . A TRAP . . . THE CANDLES ARE POISONOUS . . .

BUT THE CANDLES WERE NOT POISONOUS — THEY GAVE OFF A HALLUCINATORY SMOKE WHICH TOOK IMMEDIATE EFFECT.
MONSTERS! DEVILS! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

AWAY FROM THE FUMES THE THIEF SOON BEGAN TO RECOVER.
AH, FRESH AIR!
SO, THE MISTRESS HAS FINALLY SENT ME SOMEONE TO HELP WITH THE SWABBING OUT!
ARE YOU GOING TO FETCH A BUCKET AND MOP TO HELP MELDA CLEAN THE STAIRS? OR IS MELDA GOING TO HAVE TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR SCRAWNY BODY?
I...I...

BULLIED INTO JOINING DOMESTIC SERVICE BY A MAD OLD WOMAN!
MELDA, YOU ARE A NAUSEATING HAG!
I KILL YOU SLOWLY!
SLIP WELL, OH, QUEEN OF UGLINESS! IF YOU'RE THE WORST THIS TOWER CAN OFFER I'M HOME FREE!

HERE'S HOPING MY NEXT ADVERSARY IS MARGINALLY SANE.
KRAWK
WHAT THE . . .
I'VE GOT TO KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF THOSE TALONS.

I HOPE THIS LITTLE STRATAGEM WORKS.
BLACK KANE THREW ONE OF THE EYES WITH STARTLING ACCURACY.
GRAAK
GOT HIM!
YOU'RE JUST STUNNED, MY SHARP-BEAKED FRIEND!

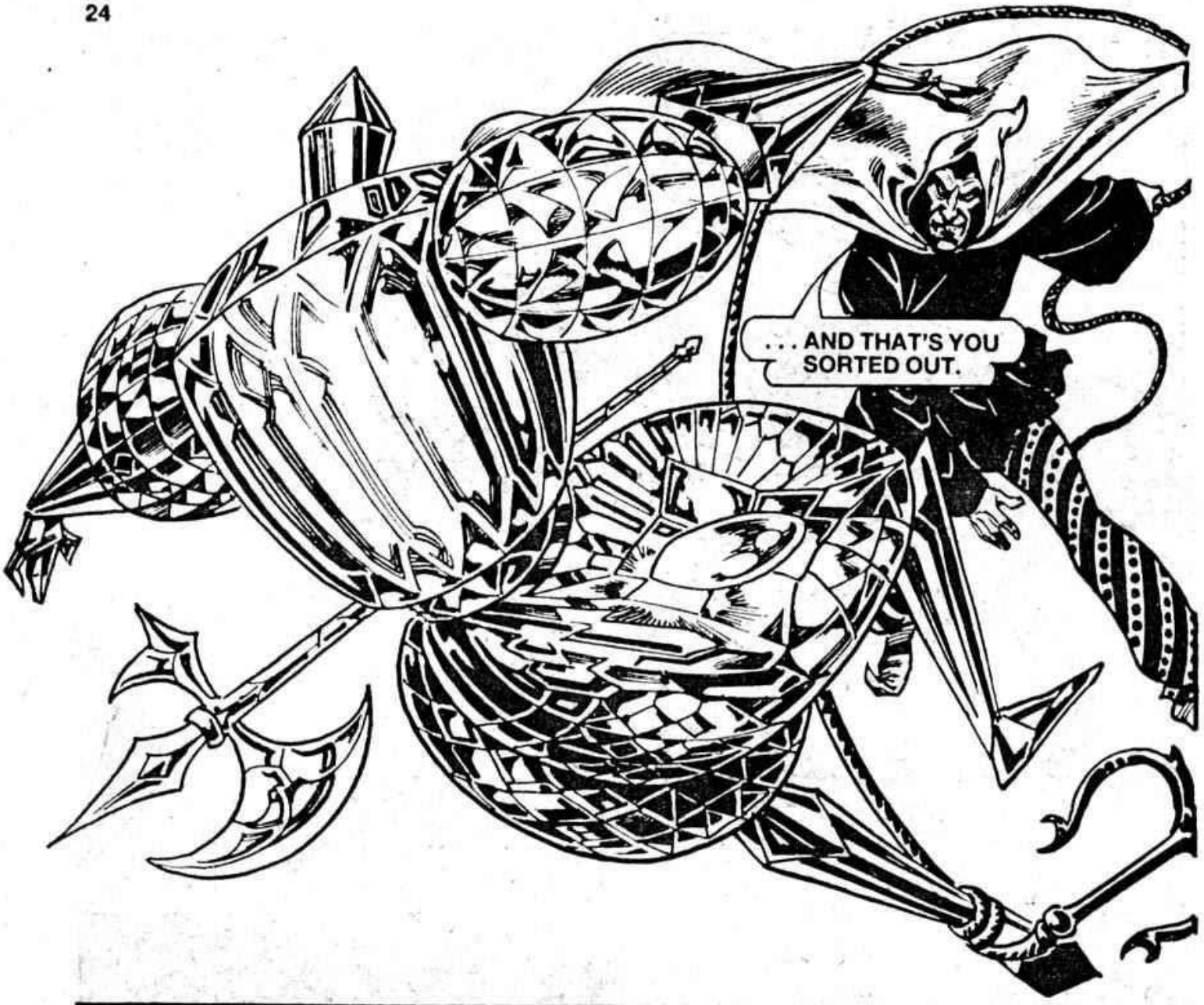
THE MISTRESS SEEMED VERY WEAK TONIGHT.

YES, SHADRON! IT'S ALWAYS THUS WHEN THE MOON IS WANING. HER STRENGTH AND POWER WANE WITH IT.

OPEN UP! THIS IS MELDA'S APPRENTICE TO SWAB THE FLOOR.
SO KLYVISKA'S POWER IS AT A LOW EBB. THAT'S THE ONLY GOOD NEWS I'VE HEARD TONIGHT.
APPRENTICE? WHO WORKS FOR MELDA?
YOU'LL NOT STOP ME!

YOU SHALL NOT PASS!
YES, I WILL!
. . . AND THIS IS HOW!

GOT HIM!
ONE DOWN . . .


. . . AND THAT'S YOU SORTED OUT.

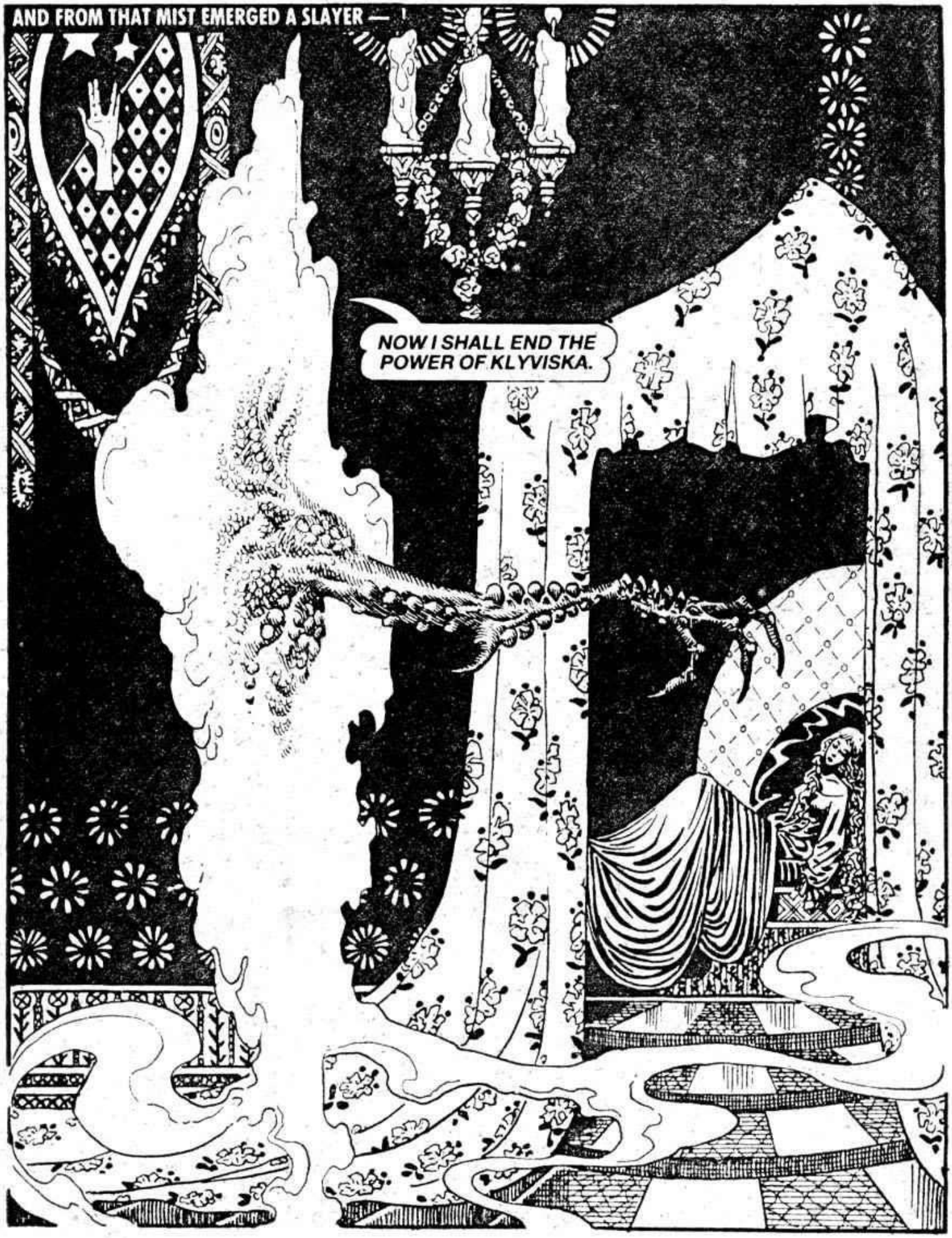
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE MAN YOU DIDN'T WANT TO MEET TONIGHT.

WHAT A PITY!
YOU DARE TO INVADE MY DOMICILE — YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR FATE!
ARRGHH!
BUT THE EFFORT WAS TOO MUCH —
SHE'S PASSED OUT!

I'M NOT SURE WHY I'M DOING THIS, BUT I MUST DO AS I WAS BID.

BLACK KANE PUT KLYVISKA BACK IN BED AND LEFT THE NOW INVISIBLE EYES IN VARIOUS PLACES IN THE UPPER CHAMBER—
WELL, THAT WAS A LOT MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR. NEXT TIME SOMEBODY OFFERS ME A POULTICE, I'M GOING TO POLITELY REFUSE AND TELL THEM I'D PREFER TO BLEED TO DEATH.

AS SOON AS BLACK KANE LEFT THE INVISIBLE EYES BEGAN TO EXUDE A STRANGE SILVER MIST.


AND FROM THAT MIST EMERGED A SLAYER — !
NOW I SHALL END THE POWER OF KLYVISKA.

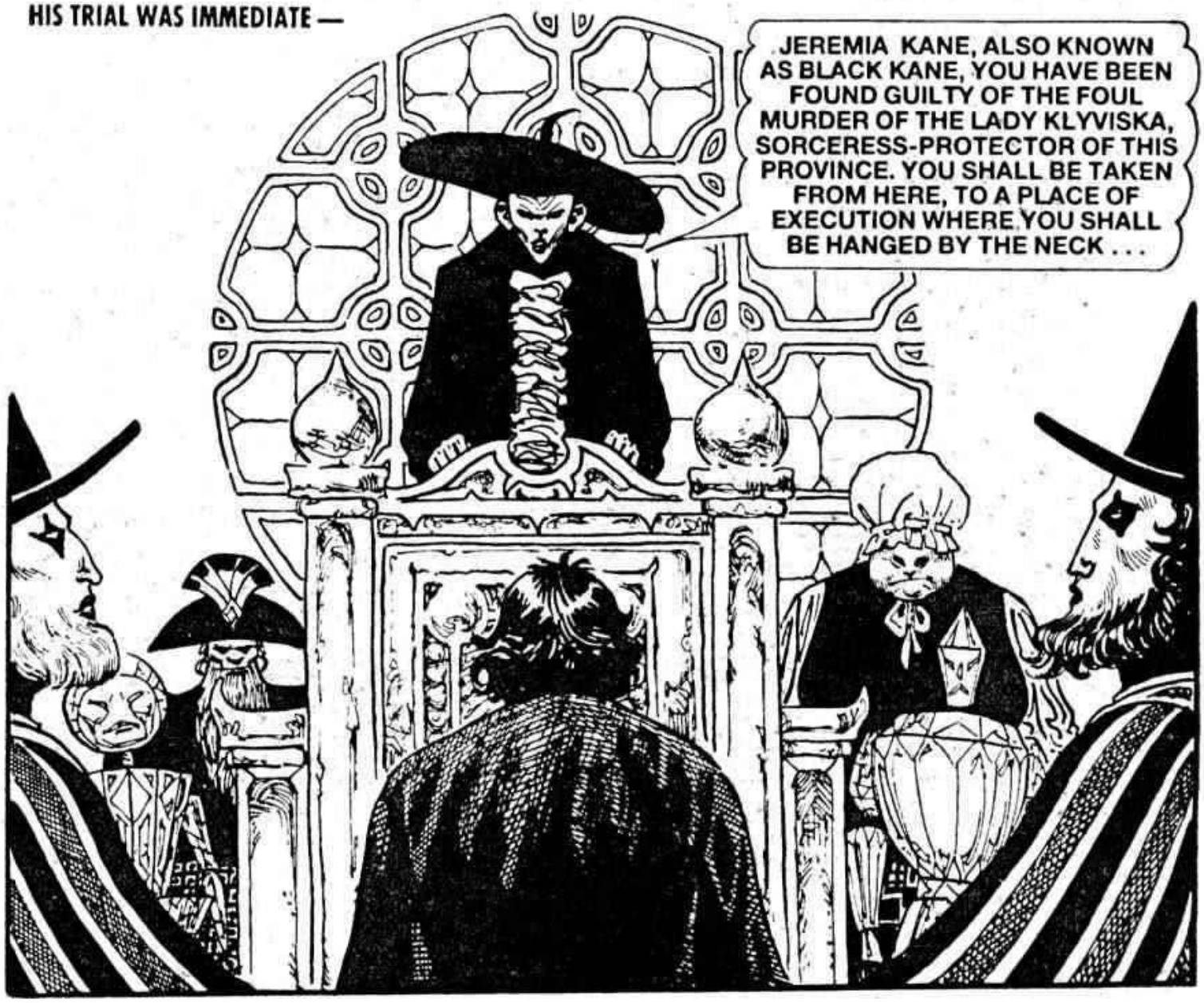
KLYVISKA'S DEATH WAS SWIFT AND MERCILESS.

IN THE GARDEN, BLACK KANE HEARD THE SCREAM.
WHAT WAS THAT?
DISTRACTED BY KLYVISKA'S DEATH CRY, BLACK KANE FAILED TO NOTICE ONE OF HER TRAPS.
WHA . . .
GAAAAAH!

MERCILFUL ORIDA! I'M HELD FAST!
MAKE SURE THE INTRUDER IS RESTRAINED, SERGEANT. I'LL TEND TO THE NEEDS OF THE SORCERESS-PROTECTOR.
PEASANT SCUM! IF YOU'VE DONE ANY HARM TO THE SORCERESS-PROTECTOR YOU'LL HAVE REASON TO CURSE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN!
SORCERESS-PROTECTOR?! KLYVISKA IS AN EVIL WOMAN!
LADY KLYVISKA HAS SPENT HER LIFE FIGHTING EVIL!
HOW COULD TAUGAM BE SO WRONG? UNLESS . . .

THE SORCERESS HAS BEEN MURDERED!
WELCOME TO THE LAST DAY OF YOUR LIFE, ASSASSIN!
. . . GOT TO GET AWAY, THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE I DIDN'T DO IT.
GOING SOMEWHERE, KILLER? HERE'S THE ONE WHO MURDERED LADY KLYVISKA!

HIS TRIAL WAS IMMEDIATE —



HE'S THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE HANGED! TAUGAM! YOU SET ME UP!
SILENCE IN COURT! TAKE HIM DOWN.

BLACK KANE WAS CAST INTO A DEATH ROW CELL WITH OTHER MURDERERS AND THIEVES.
KLOSSGOR! MARVEK! A NEW PLAYMATE FOR YOU!

LOOK, KLOSSGOR! IT'S THE ONE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, THE WOMAN-KILLER. THEY'VE GIVEN HIM TO US TO PLAY WITH!
THEY'RE VERY GENEROUS, MARVEK.

WELL THEN, WOMAN-KILLER, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT YOUR BONES SOUND LIKE WHEN THEY SNAP!
I DIDN'T KILL KLYVISKA!
KLOSSGOR BEGAN TO SQUEEZE THE LIVING BREATH FROM BLACK KANE'S BODY.
LEAVE ME!

LATER, IN TAUGAM'S COTTAGE.

HOW WENT THE THIEFLING'S TRIAL, TAUGAM?

HE HANGS ON THE MORROW. NO ONE BELIEVED THAT I WAS REMOTELY INVOLVED IN KLYVISKA'S DEATH. HIS TALK OF THE SORCERESS BEING EVIL, AND MAGICAL EYES MADE HIM SEEM A PRATTLING FOOL.

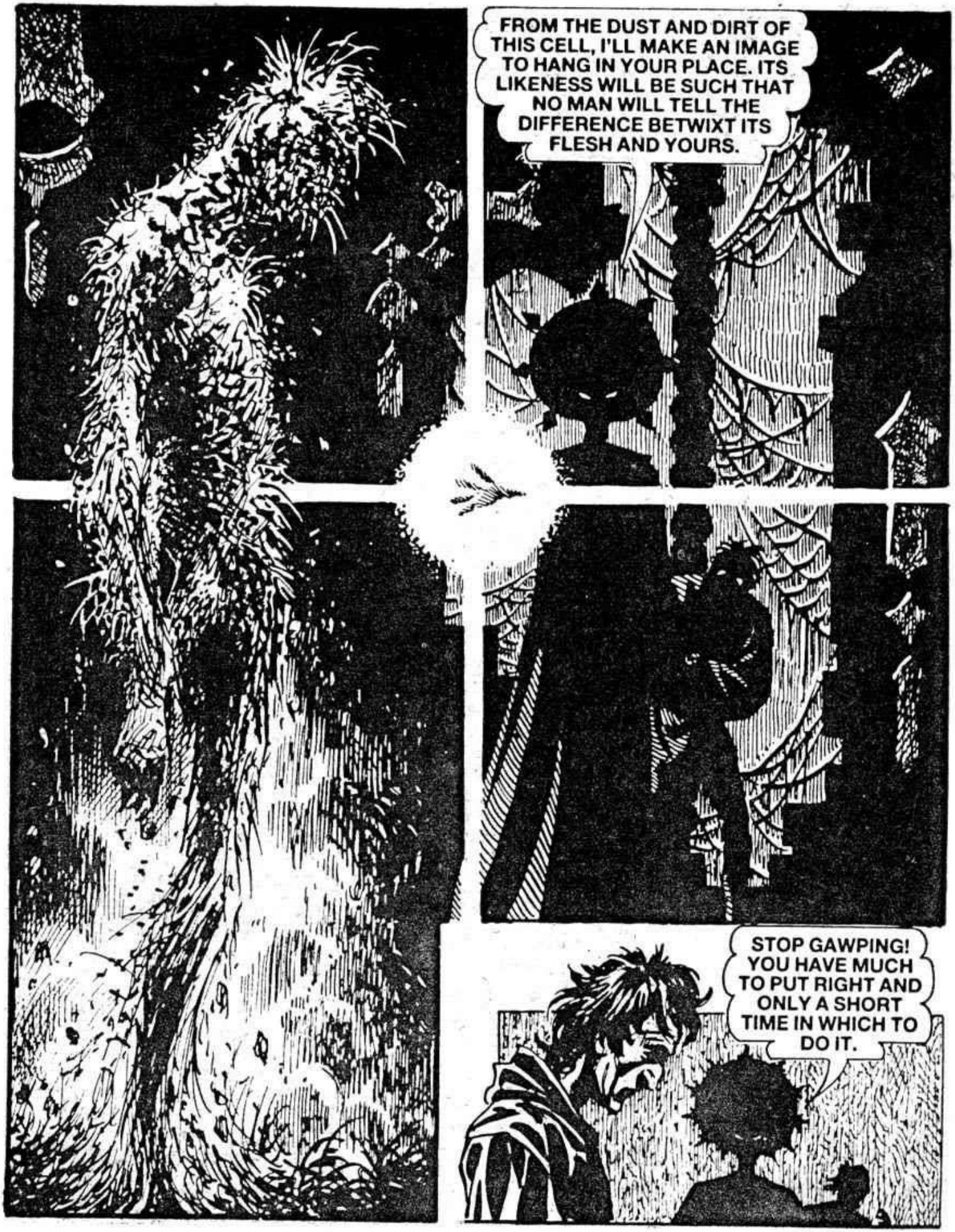
THAT'S NEAR ENOUGH THE TRUTH.

NOW THAT KLYVISKA IS DEAD, WE CAN FEEL THE MAGICAL BARRIERS THAT SHE ERECTED BETWEEN OUR DIMENSION AND YOURS BEGINNING TO DECAY! IN A FEW DAYS WE'LL BE ABLE TO MOVE FREELY INTO YOUR WORLD.
THEN BY THE TIME BRENCOMBWICK'S MESSENGER REACHES THE SORCERERS' GUILD TO OBTAIN A REPLACEMENT FOR KLYVISKA, THE WORLD OF MEN WILL ALREADY BELONG TO THE MIRROR BEASTS!

ON DEATH ROW —
BREAK IT UP! I'M SORRY TO SPOIL THE PARTY, BUT THE CROWD'LL BE ANGRY IF THERE'S NO WOMAN-KILLER TO HANG TOMORROW.
IT'S TAKEN ME AGES TO GET HIM THIS SHADE OF BLUE!
CAN WE KEEP HIM IF WE PROMISE ONLY TO HURT HIM REALLY BADLY?

SORRY, MARVEK, HE'S GOT TO BE ABLE TO STAND UP OR HE WON'T FALL THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR PROPERLY.
THEY NEVER LET US HAVE ANY FUN!
OH, WELL, THEY HANG US NEXT TUESDAY — THAT SHOULD HELP BREAK THE MONOTONY.
BLACK KANE WAS PUT IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.
YOU'LL BE SAFER IN HERE! YOU CAN MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR GOD — IF YOU'VE GOT ONE.
I MIGHT JUST DO THAT.

WHAT A MESS! I DIE IN A FEW HOURS AND WHY? BECAUSE I'M A PAWN IN A PLOT THAT I'M TOO STUPID TO COMPREHEND. TAUGAM'S THE ONE WITH ALL THE ANSWERS — I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE AND TO PUT ALL THIS RIGHT.
WOULD YOU REALLY 'GIVE ANYTHING', BLACK KANE? EVEN IF IT MEANT DEVOTING THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TO MY SERVICE?
MILADY ORIDA! FORGIVE YOUR MISERABLE SERVANT FOR HIS TRANSGRESSIONS . . .
IF YOU CONSENT TO BE MY INSTRUMENT I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS CORNER THAT YOU'VE SO CLEVERLY PAINTED YOURSELF INTO!
OF COURSE, MILADY, BUT HOW?


FROM THE DUST AND DIRT OF THIS CELL, I'LL MAKE AN IMAGE TO HANG IN YOUR PLACE. ITS LIKENESS WILL BE SUCH THAT NO MAN WILL TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT ITS FLESH AND YOURS.
STOP GAWPING! YOU HAVE MUCH TO PUT RIGHT AND ONLY A SHORT TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT.

A HEARTBEAT LATER, THE GODDESS AND THE THIEF STOOD IN THE UPPERMOST CHAMBER OF KLYVISKA'S TOWER.
WE'LL START HERE. YOU MUST FIND THE MAGICAL EYES THAT YOU MADE INVISIBLE. THEY ARE THE EYES OF VASHOK — ANCIENT RELICS USED TO SUMMON AND CONTROL AN ETHEREAL ASSASSIN KNOWN AS THE SLAYER IN THE MIST.

SOON BLACK KANE HAD COLLECTED FOUR OF THE EYES FROM THE BED-CHAMBER.
THERE'S STILL ONE IN THE LIBRARY.
NO, TAUGAM CAME HERE TO RETRIEVE THE EYES AND THAT WAS THE ONLY ONE HE COULD FIND. FORTUNATELY, HE NEEDS ALL OF THEM TO CONTROL THE SLAYER!

BELOW, IN THE CHAMBER OF SPELLBINDING.
YEARS AGO, TAUGAM SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE MIRROR BEASTS. KLYVISKA, ON THE OTHER HAND — DIDN'T! SHE FORTIFIED OUR DIMENSION AGAINST POSSIBLE ATTACK.
SO THESE HIEROGLYPHS MUST BE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THAT FORTIFICATION. THE CANDLES WITH THEIR MIND-CLOUDING FUMES ARE MERELY A DEVICE TO KEEP UNWARY INTRUDERS FROM INTERFERING IN THE MAGIC.

HMMMM, PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT AS STUPID AS YOU LOOK! THAT CHARCOALED RAG WON'T KEEP THE FUMES AT BAY FOREVER. I'D BETTER GET YOU OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU GO BERSERK AGAIN.
SO WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE ARE NOW MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM BRENCOMBWICK. OVER THERE IS THE CAVE OF FEAR. IT CONTAINS A WEAPON THAT WE DESPERATELY NEED TO DEFEAT THE MIRROR BEASTS — THE ENCHANTED SWORD, AZURINEL. THE BLADE IS GUARDED BY THE MOST TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES OF THE ONE WHO SEEKS IT.
I HAVE STARED DEATH IN THE FACE! I DON'T CARE IF THAT CAVE CONTAINS AN ARMY OF DRAGONS!

BE CAREFUL, BLACK KANE.

INSIDE THE CAVE, BLACK KANE ENCOUNTERED A STRANGELY FAMILIAR FIGURE.

MOTHER . . . ? IS THAT YOU? IT'S ME, JEREMIA YOUR SON.

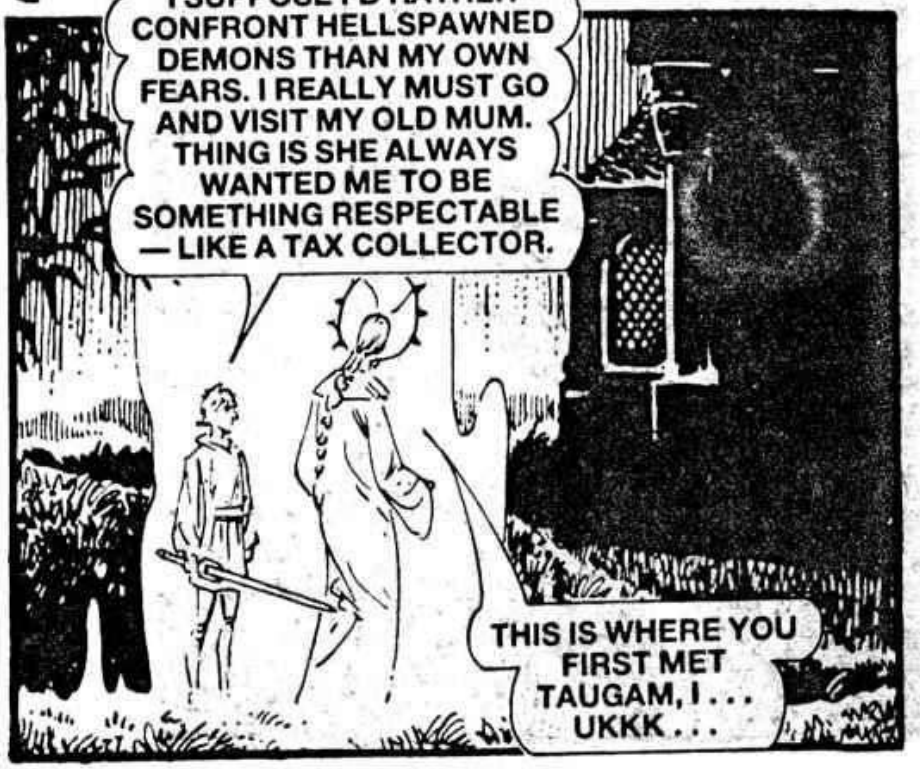
SON? I DON'T HAVE A SON.

HERE·LIES·
BLACK·KANE·
WORTHLESS·
THIEF·AND·
MURDERER·

ONE HIDEOUS VISION FADED ONLY TO BE REPLACED BY ANOTHER.

YOU ARE STUPID AND EVIL! YOU DESERVE TO ROT IN HELL!

MAYBE I DO . . . BUT I SHALL TRY TO RIGHT MY WRONG.



. . . SOMEONE HAS DESECRATED ALL OF MY SHRINES IN THIS REGION . . . THE PAIN IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ENDURE . . . YOU MUST GO ON ALONE, LET TAUGAM CAUSE HIS OWN DOWNFALL, THEN DEAL WITH HIS ASSAILANT. TO DESTROY THE MIRROR BEASTS TURN THEM FACE TO FACE THEN IMPALE THEM WITH AZURINEL.
MILADY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND . . . I . . .
NO MORE TIME! I MUST DEPART FOR THE GOD-REALM TO RECUPERATE. MUCH HARM HAS BEEN DONE TO ME. REDEEM YOURSELF WITH YOUR ACTIONS AND PROVE YOU ARE THE WORTHIEST OF MY SERVANTS.
WHEW! TALK ABOUT BEING THROWN IN AT THE DEEP END!

BLACK KANE, NOW HONEST JEREMIA, SET OUT —
LET TAUGAM CAUSE HIS OWN DOWNFALL, INDEED! IF THAT CRAFTY DEVIL SLIPS UP THEN I'M A WINGED CRAB!

HIS REVERIE WAS INTERRUPTED AND HE FOUND HIMSELF UNDER ATTACK FROM OUTLAWS.
WHAT THE . . . ?

THIS SWORD'S INCREDIBLE! IT CUT THROUGH THE OUTLAW'S SHAFT AS IF IT WAS PAPER, AND IT SOMEHOW MOVED MY ARM TO MAKE THE PARRY IN THE FIRST PLACE.
THIS TIME YOU DIE!

HA-HA! STEADY MEN, DON'T YOU KNOW A FELLOW OUTLAW WHEN YOU SEE ONE? IT'S THAT WELL KNOWN PIECE OF DOUBLE-CROSSING SLIME, BLACK KANE!

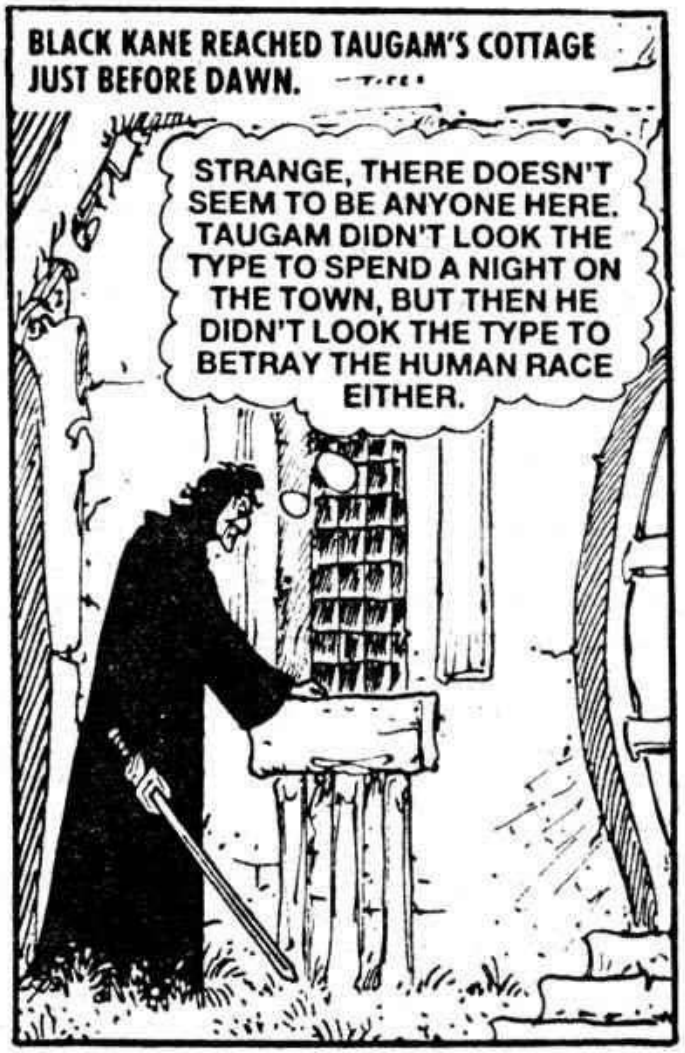
I HEARD YOU WERE IN PRISON WAITING TO BE HANGED.
YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING TOWN CRIERS SAY, PERRAK.
ESCAPED, EH? TELL ME, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OUR SHARE OF THAT MAIL COACH ROBBERY THAT YOU MADE OFF WITH?
SORRY, PERRAK. SOME WENT ON WINE AND WOMEN — I WASTED THE REST.
SIT DOWN AND HAVE A ROAST SQUIRREL'S LEG. NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT PERRAK THE MUTILATOR IS A MAN WHO BEARS A GRUDGE.
WHO ARE THEY?

WE BORROW PEOPLE FROM COACHES, THEN MAKE THEIR FAMILIES PAY TO GET THEM BACK.
HOW ORIGINAL!
BLACK KANE SETTLED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.
IT'S ONLY A FEW MILES TO TAUGAM'S COTTAGE! I'VE GOT TO SOMEHOW FREE THE HOSTAGES AND GET MYSELF AWAY IN ONE PIECE.

I THINK I'LL LOOK AFTER YOUR LOVELY SWORD FOR YOU, KANE. IT IS FITTING COMPENSATION FOR YOUR TRAITOROUS DOUBLE-CROSS! NOW LIE DOWN AND CRY YOURSELF TO SLEEP.
BUT AZURINEL REBELLED AGAINST ITS UNWORTHY WIELDER.

THE INTELLIGENCE IN THE SWORD REACHED OUT AND DESTROYED THE EVIL THAT SURROUNDED IT.
THE BLADE IS MORE POWERFUL THAN I DARED TO IMAGINE.
THE ROAD TO BRENCOMBWICK'S ABOUT 500 PACES BEHIND YOU. DON'T MENTION ME OR MAGICAL SWORDS WHEN THEY ASK HOW YOU ESCAPED! GOOD LUCK, AND MAY ORIDA BE WITH YOU!

I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A CLERIC WHO RECENTLY PERJURED HIMSELF AT MY TRIAL!


BLACK KANE REACHED TAUGAM'S COTTAGE JUST BEFORE DAWN.
STRANGE, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE HERE. TAUGAM DIDN'T LOOK THE TYPE TO SPEND A NIGHT ON THE TOWN, BUT THEN HE DIDN'T LOOK THE TYPE TO BETRAY THE HUMAN RACE EITHER.

TAUGAM WAS FAR AWAY, IN A CONDEMNED CELL.
SO YOU'VE NO WORDS OF REPENTANCE, MY SON?
THE PRONOUNCEMENT OF EXECUTION MUST HAVE SNAPPED THE THIEFLING'S FEEBLE MIND. HE'S SCARCELY MOVED OR SPOKEN IN ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN HERE.

I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME, FATHER.
AND HE HASN'T EVEN TOUCHED HIS LAST MEAL. OH, WELL, COME ALONG, JEREMIA KANE.
THOUGH MY PATH IS STREWN WITH SCORPIONS, THE KNOWLEDGE OF ORIDA IS PROOF AGAINST THEIR POISON.

THOUGH MY ENEMIES TORTURE AND WOUND ME, MY LOVE FOR ORIDA IS LIKE A HEALING SALVE.

THOUGH I AM BETRAYED AND MURDERED, THE RETRIBUTION OF ORIDA IS ALSO MY RETRIBUTION.

SO THE FINAL DIE IS CAST. THE NEXT TIME I VISIT BRENCOMBWICK IT WILL BE TO DANCE ON ITS ASHES!

TAUGAM ARRIVED BACK AT HIS COTTAGE —
NOW, WHAT SHALL I HAVE FOR BREAKFAST? A JAR OF PICKLED HERRING PERHAPS.

HELLO, TAUGAM.
BUT . . . BUT . . . IT CAN'T BE! I JUST SAW YOU DIE!
. . . AND I'M ORDERING HIM TO KILL YOU!
APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEPTIVE! BUT YOU KNOW IT REALLY WAS VERY STUPID TO LEAVE THE FIFTH EYE IN YOUR COTTAGE. YOU SLIPPED UP, BECAUSE NOW I CONTROL THE SLAYER . . .
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! YOU'RE A THIEF, NOT A SORCERER!

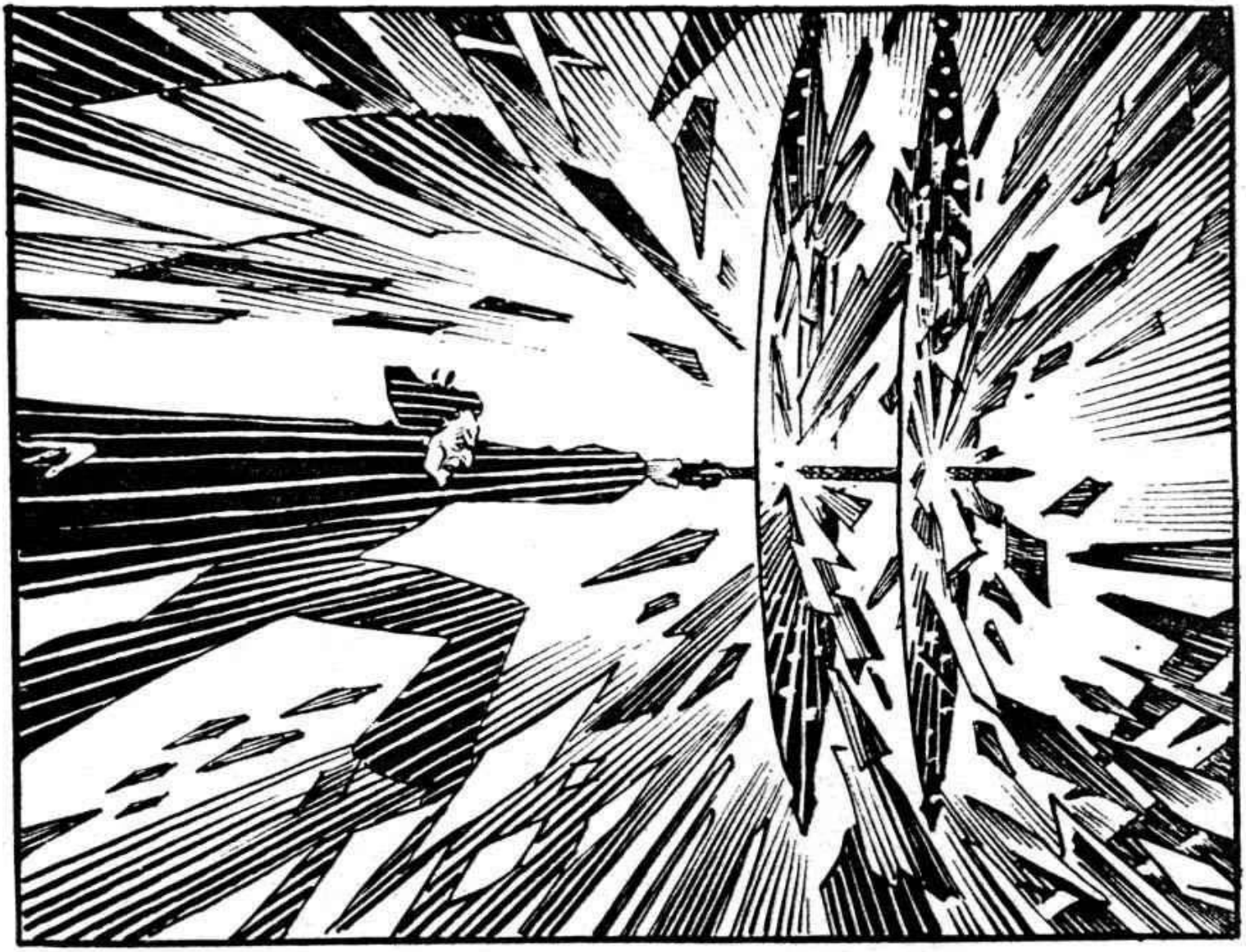
THIS IS HOW KLYVISKA DIED, TAUGAM, HELPLESS AND ALONE. YOUR LAST MOMENTS WILL BE SPENT BREATHING IN THE FETID STENCH THAT ENSHROUDS THIS MONSTER.
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GAIN RICHES AND POWER!
YOU ARE TO BE SLAIN! YOU ARE TO BE SLAIN!

I CAN'T MAKE DEALS WITH A MAN WHO'S ALREADY BARGAINED AWAY HIS SOUL.
THEN I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL, KANE! YOU'D BE LYING DEAD IN A SHRINE RIGHT NOW IF IT WASN'T FOR ME!

NOW I HAVE TO ENSURE THAT TAUGAM IS THE SLAYER'S FINAL VICTIM. ARIDA PRESERVE ME!

NOW DIE!
WHAT WOULD BE A MORTAL INJURY FOR A MAN PROVED TO BE MERELY A MINOR INCONVENIENCE FOR THE SLAYER.
I HAVE TO REDEEM MYSELF!

KANE STRUCK AGAIN —
I AM SLAIN! I AM SLAIN!
IT'S MELTED INTO MIST! I'VE WON! I'VE WON!
TIME TO CARRY OUT ORIDA'S INSTRUCTIONS.
THAT IT SHOULD END THIS WAY! AFTER THE TEDIOUS MILLENIA OF IMPRISONMENT IN THIS PALTRY, CLAUSTROPHOBIC DIMENSION, TO FINALLY SUCCUMB TO OBLIVION AT THE HANDS OF SUCH AN INSECT!
SHUT UP! SUCH AN OUTBURST IS UNFITTING WHEN COMING FROM SUPERIOR ENTITIES LIKE OURSELVES. ALL LIFE IS PAIN, AND THE STING OF DEATH IS MERELY THE DOORWAY TO NEW LIFE AND NEW PAIN.



SO AT LAST IT'S ALL OVER. I'M COMPLETELY DRAINED. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME I SLEPT OR ATE?

NO, MASTER. IT ISN'T OVER! YOU ARE THE ONLY MASTER EVER TO TRY TO SLAY THE SLAYER, YOUR DEATH WILL BE SLOW AND SWEET!
ORIDA PROTECT ME!

YOU ARE TO BE SAVOURED! YOU ARE TO BE SAVOURED!
DONE IT!
AND IF I CAST THE BROKEN SLIVERS OF THIS RELIC INTO THE ABYSS BEHIND THE BLACK MIRRORS, NO ONE ON EARTH WILL EVER HAVE CONTROL OF YOU AGAIN.
I'VE STABBED IT TWICE TO NO AVAIL . . . THE EYES! THEY ARE THE KEY, IF I CAN DESTROY THE EYES OF VASHOK I'LL DESTROY THE SLAYER WITH THEM.

FOR KLYVISKA!

A NEW LIFE, A NEW JOB, AND A NEW CHANCE, NO ONE COULD REALLY ASK FOR MORE.

YOU'LL BE SEEING A LITTLE LESS OF ME FROM NOW ON, JEREMIA, BUT I'LL BE WATCHING OUT FOR YOU. YOU HAVE REDEEMED YOURSELF IN PART . . . NOW YOU MUST TAKE ON THE MANTLE OF KLYVISKA!

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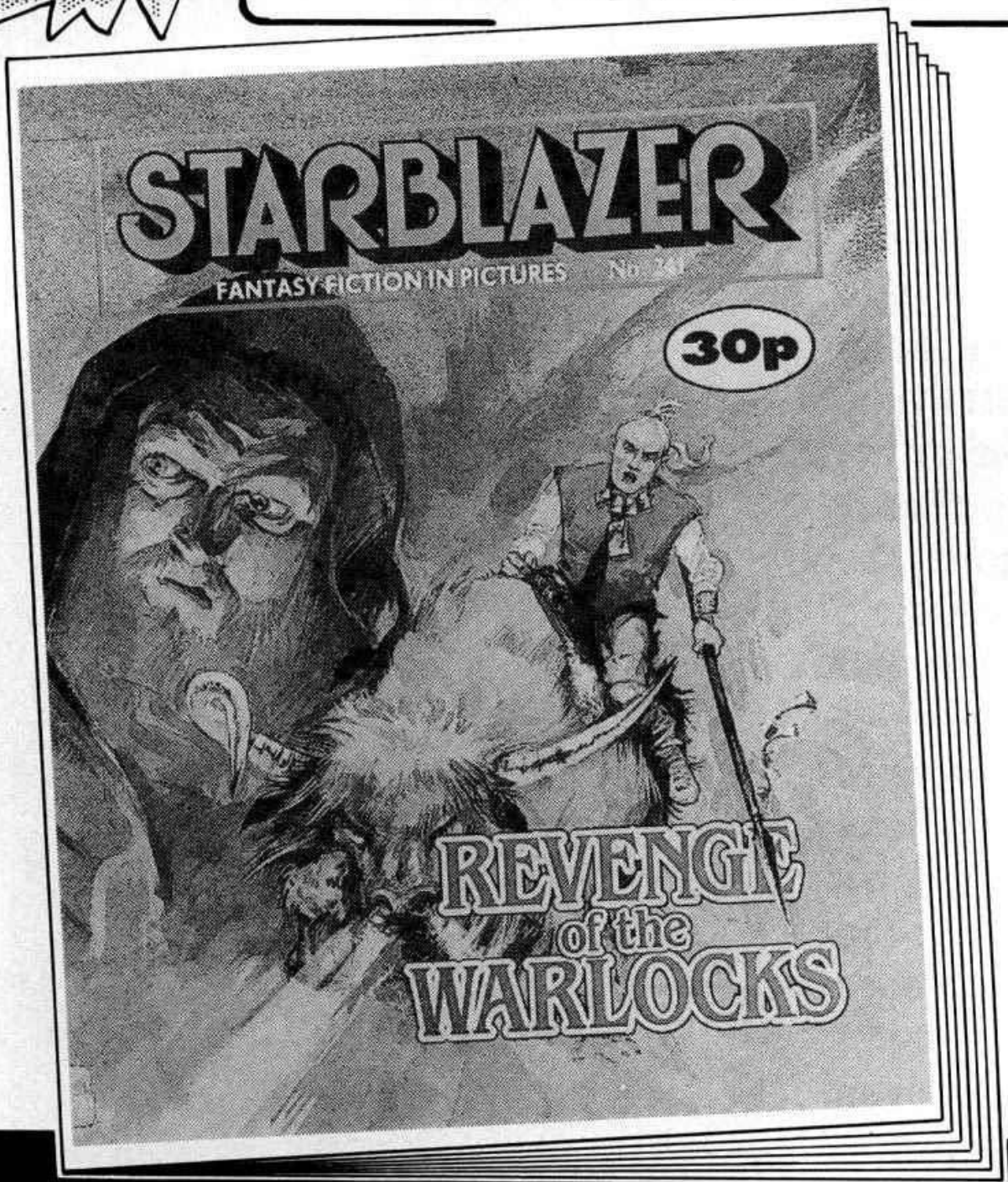
DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE



NOW ON SALE

SLAYER IN THE MIST

Black Kane was an incompetent highwayman, who couldn't even make a dishonest living. Dazzled by the promise of easy money, he undertook a simple task for a cleric. But the results of his efforts were so horrific that, instead of a bag of gold, his reward was the hangman's noose — then things began to get even worse.